THE STRANGE CASE OF MARY PAGE

By FREDERICK LEWIS, Author of "What Happened to Mary"-Pictures by Essanay

Synopsis of the Preceding Chapters. ynopsis of the Preceding Chapters.

Mary Page, actress, is accused of the murder of Eavid Pellock and is defended by her fover, Philip Langdon. Pollock was intoxicated. At Mary's trial, the admits she had the revolver. Her maid festifies that Mary threatened Pollock with I previously, and Mary's leading man implicates Langdon. How Mary dissuppeared from the scene of the critic is a mystery. Brandon tells of a strange hand print he saw on Mary's aboutder. Further evidence shows that horror of drink produces temporary insanity in Mary. The defense is "repressed pay-chosis." Witnesses described Mary's flight from her Intoxicated father and her father' suicide. Nurse Walton (excribes the kidnaphys of Mary's struggles to become an actress, and of Pollock's pursuit of her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Amy's Stellar Role. ATURE had intended Amy Barton to be a great actress Emotional roles of any sort would have sat absurdly spon elender shoulders, but in the part of the freedciant ingenue she never falled to score. She was the quaint

become the content of the part of the fiscolociant interms also never the fiscolociant interms and the the fiscolociant interms and

about ten sides and twenty-five beans as salary. Old Miss Prentiss was so friendly after that I thought she was going to kiss us good-by, but she didn't, and we got away with our first call for step of the way and earn my food by rehearsal and our contracts tucked in our handbags. Mary's included the fact that she was to be featured in the play which but the siddy moniker of "David Policek's money or give him a that she was to be featured in the play which but the siddy moniker of "David Policek's money or give him a "Did you agree to go?" hich had the giddy moniker of

that she was to be featured in the play which had the giddy moniker of 'A Woman's Pledge."

"May it please the court," broke in the prosecutor, getting lazily to his feet, "all this is no doubt very interesting—delightful, in fact, and might prove of great help to us if we had stage aspirations. But" (with a sudden change of tone) "we are here to decide the gull or innocence of Mary Page, whom the State declares to have murdered David Pollock. I fail to see, your honor, where the somewhat rambling fable in siang which the witness is telling has any bearing upon this case."

"Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury." Langdon's voice rose before the words of the porsecutor had died away, "the story which the witness is telling, has everything to do with the question of the hurder of David Pollock. It will show how again and again he forced his attentions upon Miss Page, and of the horror in which she held him; and of the horror in which she held him; and of the horror in which she held him; and of the horror in which she held him; and of the horror in which she held him; and of the horror in which she held him; and of the winces to tell the story in her own way, it is simply that I wish to bring before you the picture of these two young girls, so brave and hopeful, and hard working, whose positions and hard working, whose positions and hard working, whose positions and the winces to to that she would get a good night's sleep. After-

For a moment the judge hesitated, and the court held its breath-aggressive, aven antagonistis at the mere thought of losing the gny little witness who was looking from the judge to Langdon with such childianly startled eyes. Then his henor said slowly:

"Why"

"Because it was such an awful shock to her when he came to our door in the morning."

"Will you tell us the circumstances of that meching, please?"

"Well, Mary and I were both dressed henor said slowly:

the testimony as irrelevant, sir. I consider all that has a bearing upon the curious relations existing between Mr. Pollock and Miss Pase as of paramount importance. At the same time," he added, turning to Langdon, "I would suggest that you instruct your witness to confine her testimony to mere state-

ments of fact."

The entire courtroom, not excepting the jury, heaved a sigh of relief, and Langdon's face showed a flush of tri-

miph as he asked:
"How long did your engagement in
A Woman's Piedge last, Miss Barton?"
-Bix weeks, but we only got salary

for four."
"Where did the four end?"
"It didn't end, It blew up in a o
tank rube town called Prindleville.

to bring before you the picture of these two young girls, so brave and hopeful, and hard working, whose positions and good character were attacked by David works I wished I had told her."

"Did you tell Miss Page?"
"No. I thought it was better for her to think he was gone, so that she would get a good night's sleep. Afterworks I wished I had told her."

"I cannot sustain your objection to the testimony as irrelevant, sir. I contained over the chances of getting alder all that has a bearing upon the some sort of work to do in the town sider all that has a bearing upon the till we could get word home to mother to send us carfare. It costs quite a lot from Prindleville to the big town and from Prindleville to the big town and we knew it might be days before the old lady could relie it, and we had to eat in the meantime. While we were still talking we heard a knock at the door, and thinking it was the chamber-maid or maybe the proprietor Mary sings out, 'Come in.' And at that Dav-id Policek opened the dollor."
"What did Miss Page do?"
"She acceamed and turning, hid her

face against my shoulder for a mo-ment. Then she stood up and faced him. 'How dare you come here?" she tank rube town called Prindleville. It was one of those towns that have the railroad station come side of Main afreet, the hotel and 'opry' house at the other, and the rest of the buildings scattered about wherever they happened to drop."

Again a gust of laughter lifted through the dingy room, but Laugdon frowned and shook his head at Amy.

"Never mind descriptions." he said man to persecute a girl the way you're man to persecute a girl the way you're

"About three weeks."
"Did Mr. Pollock remain there during

that time? "Yes."
"Did he speak to you at any time"
"Well, he had to speak to me, but he
limited it to, "Two boiled eggs and dry
toast," or "Gimme roast chicken and
toast," or "Gimme roast chicken and mashed putatoes,' but with Mary it was different. He didn't speak to her, but he never let her get out of his sight." "Miss Barton, you say that you re-mained at the hotel about three weeks. Why did you leave at the end of that

"Because of the behavior of some of the men who came to the place."
"What do you mean by their be-

Their-their-freshness," she "Their-their-freamoss, she said, flushing a little. "You see, when we first went to work they were all very decent, especially to Mary, and every-thing was fine. Then they—they seemed to change even to me. I had to give a pretty sharp call-down to two or three of the sort of rubes that wear red ties, and shoes that look as if they had their trunk tucked in the toe, and finally something the landlady said put me wise to the fact that our charac-

a, cd to held all our funks and prote for gode sake so way and leave us in turned heard bills to the less four that Mr. Pollock fung out towns, and that incent that we were stranded, with Biondway doing the stranded with a company always done was the stranded with a company always done were thank for the producer and the last of the last train, and walked into the lobby while we were there.

"You was mean that Mr. Pollock was also the last train, and walked into the lobby while we were there."

"You he came over and said he was going through the town on a business trin, and sexing Mary as to the bone with work he had a jumped of on impulse. It is also to the last of the last

"Did he seem to have any inkling as to what that trouble was?"

"Yes. He said that he had heard that there were a good many rumors about Mary's past, and that, of course, no actress could expect to have any reputation, as everycody here what road companies were. At that I got so mad I fairly flew at him, but he brushed me aside and went up and grabbed Mary's hands, saying: 'I at least care nothing about gorsip, Knowing Miss Page, I have repeatedly offered to marry her and now-new I ask again. Mary, you can kill this stander in a minute by marrying me! That wised me to his game all right, but before I could tell her, she had dragged her hands away from him with a scream and backed against the wall, staring at es as if—as if—as if—she was—crazy. I called out 'Mary! Mary!' but she didn't seem to hear me. She just kept staring at Mr. Pollack.'

"Was he much excited." snapped Langdon.
"Yes, but he was half drunk, too.

Rept staring at Mr. Pollack."

"Was he much excited?" snapped Langdon.

"Yes, but he was half drunk, too. He's been drinking a lot all day, and it showed plainily on him: It was that I guess, that made him act like a fool and try to catch her in his arms, crying that there was nothing ahead of her but disgrace and disaster unless she married him."

"Did she reply?"

Amy shuddered and her voice was a long time in coming, as if the horror of something had engulfed her in muteness; but at last, her eyes resting on Mary as if she had to reassure herself that she was actually there she said: "No—she didn't answer. She struck at him—twice—then she screamed and ran out—and across the street to the railroad. We—we followed as quickly as we could, and then—" she choked, and her hand went waveringly to her throat, as if the vords would not come—"and then—we saw the man waving his flag and knew the—the train from New York was coming in. I think I went craxy myself for a minute. I screamed and screamed and I heard Polleck screaming, too, and we ran like mad—but we couldn't catch her—only—thank God—the man with the danger flag saw her and stopped her just in time!"

"Did she fight against capture?"

"Did she fight against capture?"
"Did she fight against capture?"
"No. She just fainted dead off in his arms, and when we got to her, he had carried her over and laid her on the platform. It was then that I saw Mr. Langdon. He had just gotten off the train, and when he saw the crowd and Mary lying there he turned white. Mary lying there, he turned white as a sheet and came running over. But I told him that she had only fainted and he'd better carry her over to the hotel. By that time we'd collected a crowd as big as if the circus had come to town, and when we crossed the street I could see Dave Polick glooming to himself on the edge of the rabble, looking like a thundercloud but not daring to interfere."

terfore."
"Was Miss Page conscious when you reached the hotel?"
"No. But after she had been laid on the sofa in the parlor and the landlady had bathed her forehead a while she opened her eyes and smiled at us, and the old woman, who was a good sout at heart, drove us all out, saying that Mary needed rest."
"Was Mr. Pollock in the hotel at that time?"

"Yes. He was at the parlor door, but when we came out he kind of edged away, and stood scowling at us. Then I told Mr. Langdon that I believed he I told Mr. Langdon that I believed he had been spreading slander against Mary all through the town and had driven her half insane, so that she had attempted to end it all by flinging herself in front of the train. Mr. Langdon started to tell me something then, but before he could get a word out, the landlady came to the parlor door and said Mary wanted me. Mr. Langdon sent is with new Whom Mary saw him red lies, and shoes that look as if they had their trunk tocked in the toe, and if inally something the landlady said put me wise to the fact that our characters weren't worth a two-cent stamp in Prindleville. I didn't want Mary took know, so I kept quiet till the day when the guy that always came for lunch got fresh and tried to kiss her." Will you tell us, as briefly as possible, with the said and the started at the crockery in the morning, and the head waitress had had a quarrel with her beau the night before, and every body had a beautiful grouch, and in the milst of it the Jandlady came out to me, and told me that her 'regular girls' were objecting to work with us, because of our bad characters. Of course it made me pretty sore, and was just going to say a few things about the bunch of biscuit-silngers they had around, when the door of the dining room banged open and Mary, taking her apron off as she went, ran past us and up the stairs. The landlady called her but sho never even looked around, so I started afte her. Just as I alld so a cheap, flashy guy who was a regular boarder came went in the dark and saves the method of the dining room hanged open and mark the suid of the dining room hanged open and across to where Dave Pollock was sitting and flung himself into a complexion before, so I kind of waited around to see what he would do." "Did he leave the hotel?"

"No. He walked out into the office and across to where Dave Pollock was sitting and flung himself into a chair beside him. At that I sort of got behind some curtains and waited to hear what he said, but I needn't have bothered about hiding, for he yelped loud enough to be heard all the way to the kitchen."

"Yes. He ripped out a good round damn or two; then he said, 'Say, look here, from what you told me, that way to the kitchen."

"Yes, He ripped out a good round damn or two; then he said, 'Say, look here, from what you told me, that was believed to the me he was a did not make the heart of the work and waited to hear what he said, but I needn'

shor, and shoul wherever they should be about the filled Again a great of latticher lifted Again a great of latticher lifted Again a great of latticher lifted and should be head. Again a great of latticher lifted was a lattice of short party than he had should be head and to be head and to be head and to be head and to be head and the had should be head and the head s

me."
"Oh. 1 do-I do," she whispered; and Oh. I do I do, she whispered; and when he left her she followed him to the door and, thrusting her slender hands between the bars, caught his and said in a voice that thrilled with sweet-

ness;
"Philip, dear-I am hopeful-and I am brave-don't forget that-and please go home tonight-remembering that I was smiling when I said good-by."
But Philip, burying his face in the bravehome tonight—remembering that was smiling when I said good-by.
But Philip, burying his face in the slender palms, could not see the pravely sweet smile because of the scalding tears that burned his cyclids, as he hurdown the echoing corridor (Continued Next Sunday.)

With the Local Musicians

The following program was presented by harp pupils of Miss Marguerite O'Toole last Sunday afternoon: 'Nun's Prayer" (Oberthuer) and two Nun's Prayer" (Oberthuer) and two lrish melodies, Miss Agnes Long, "Traumerei" (Schumann) and "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," Miss Catherine Stark: "Anbade" (Hasselmans) and "Priere" (Hasselmans), Miss Maizie Haines; "The Swan" (Samt-Saens) and "Menuet" (Hasselmans), Miss Katherine Higgs, and "The Fountain" (Zobel), and "Minuet d'Amour" (Massenet), Miss Helen Ciemans.

Assunta Sari, Heien Sebastian, Marguerite McDonough, and Mary Williams, pupils of Miss Marie Mc-Court, were contestants for the best scale playing on March 5. Assunta Sari and Helen Sebastian tied as winners. Three local music teachers judged

The Motet Choral Society, Otto T. Simon, director, will give the last concert of its seventh season on Wednesday evening, April 5, at Memorial Continental Hall. The program of Russian, English, and German music is especially interesting, and will include a trio for plane, violin, and cello by the Russian composer, Arensky, Mrs. Otto T. Simon and George H. Wilson will accompany the choral program. the choral program

The program to be presented by James W. Cheney, Jr., at St. Paul's Church Tuesday evening under the auspices of the American Guild of auspices of the American Guild of Organists, comprises the following numbers: "Concert Overture in C minor" (Fricker), "The Question" and "The Answer' (William Wolstenholme), "Fugue in D major' (J. S. Bach) "Romanza in B flat' (G. H. Howard), "Evensong" (E. F. Johnson), "Sonata in C minor' (J. W. Cheney, jr.), "Day in Venice" (E. Nevin), and "Toccata in G" (Dubois).

The National Quartet, composed of Elizabeth S. Maxwell, soprano: ian Chenoweth, contraito: William E. Braithwaite, teror: Joseph E. Schofield, bargo, and Ethel Garrett Johnson, pianist, furnished the music for the annual reception and banquet of the Ashlar Club, the Master Masons organization of the Master Masons' organization of the State, War and Navy Departments, at the New Ebbitt on Thursday evening, presenting the following program: "Auld Lang Syne," old Scotch air, "Song of the Vikinga,"
Faning: "Madriga!" (from 'Mikado"), Sullivan: "Heidelberg Song"
(from "Prince of Pilsen"), Ludera:
"The Shoogy-Shoo," Mayhew; "Trip,
Trip," Marxials; "Star of Descending Night," Emerson; "Star-Span-gled Banner," Key; "America," Carey, and "Good Night, Good Night, Beloved," Pinsuti.

A series of lectures on musical appreciation are to be given here next year under the auspices of the Peabody Club, the lecturers to be members of the Peabody faculty. At the meeting of the club on Wednesday evening at 1406 H street the program was given by Miss Helene Oyster, soprano, with Miss The Recompanist. The Emma Bender as accompanist. The next meeting will be held on March of with Miss Fiecker in charge of

DANCING

ASSEMBLY DANCES. REMAIN OPEN.

Assembly dances will be held Mondeys, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays as usual. The public is cordially invited to at-tend and judge for themselves as to the pro-priety of these dances.

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GERMAN WAR PICTURES



war pictures to be shown at the

table of which was "Bunty Pulls the Stringe." Notes of Stage

nusical education under the famous Lec-Resizes in Paris. In the new Dippel operate she plays the rule of a strong-willed young royal persun who leaves her palace to seek adventures among her people.

(Continued from Page Twelve.)

the role of Meissa in "The Little Snepherd of Kingdom Come," Eugene Walter's dramatization of John Fox, jr.'s, novel, which is in couse of renearsal. Miss Dunn will be wimenbered as the original Wendy with Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

A new melodrama by Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law," has been acquired by klaw & Erianger, which, because of its unusual magnitude, will not be produced until next season. As you unmand, the play deals with New York life. An idea of the elaborate character of the production is indicated by the fact that in three acts there are twenty-four scenes.

Willie have began his stage caveer at the age of fourteen, joining his brother Eugene, who had been in vanceville a brief time, in a singit gact. Willie sat in the gallery at joined Eugene in the choruses. At that time they received only \$15 a week.

Now, as features of the great "Passing Show of 1915," their salary is \$1,000.

Little Marilynn Milier, the several work is shown of 1915, their salary is \$1,000.

Passing Show of 1915," was barred from stage work in this country during the lirst years of her professional carser. Her father took her to Europe, where she became one of the sensations of the vaudeville stage. Later, when she had been supported to this countries the sensations of the professional carses. was sixteen, she returned to this country and was immediately engaged by the directors of the New York Winter Garden for "The Passing Show of 1815."

The famous "Billy Fortune" stories, appearing originally in the Saturday Evening Post, and collected and published in book form by D. Appleton Co., are about to reach the stage in a comedy dramatized by Clinton Stuart from incidents in the series of arrangement with their author. William R. Lighton. After the production on the regular stage, the comedy will be conregular stage, the comedy will be coverted into a photoplay.

"The Road To Mandalay," a comic opera with music by Oreste Vassels and libretto by W. H. Post, which recently closed a road season, was presented at the Park Theater in New York Mou-day night, February 28. The special theatrical performance to be given as a testimonial to William Winter, the veteran dramatic critic, was held at the Century Theater in New York March 7.

Ted Shawn is the husband of Ruth St. Denis, and they own a beautiful country home near Los Angeles, called

although they are often errone-referred to as husband and wife.

Florence Reed will soon be seen in Keith vaudeville, and will star in a new playlet of the underworld called "The Pink Ruby," by John Willard, Malcolm Whilams will be her culef support.

Miss Molly Pearson, who is appear-ing as Maggie Hobson in Hobson's Choice," in New York, expects shortly to blossom as a full-fleured dramatist. She is at present engaged writing a comedy of Scotch life. Miss Pearson was born in Edinburgh, and has appeared with great success in several comedies of Scotch life, the most no-

PHOTOPLAYS

HIPPODROME

9th and N. Y. Ave. N. W.

Today-Sunday-Today "Sarah Bernhardt" In a Picturization of Her

Latest Dramatic Triumph Jeanne Dore

OTHER PICTURES

"Fighting the Allies."

Lou-Tellegen will shortly be seen, under the direction of the Garrick Producing Company, in a new play of the time of Henry VIII, by J. du Rocher Maci'herson, entitled "A King of No-where." In Mr. Tellegen's support will be Corlisa Giles, Sydney Greenstrest, Galwey Herbert, Robert Adams, and Olive Tell.

"The Blue Envelope," a farce in three acts by Frank Hatch and Robert Homans, has been placed in rehearsal by Richard Lambert for production in three weeks. The cast will be headed by Walter Jones and Franklyn Ardell, supported by John Park, Edwin Fosberg, Ralph Nairn, Ford Fenimore, Ethel Valentine, Beth Franklyn and Belle Theodore. This play was given a short trial last year.

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